



Vol. II.

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## Miscellanea.

OUR frontispiece this month, the St. Michael of Guido Reni, has a special appropriateness in this magazine as the great Archangel, whose feast we celebrate on the 29th, has ever been regarded as one of the principal heavenly patrons of the Congregation of the Passion. For readers of the Life of St. Paul of the Cross the reason is not far to seek. In the August of 1723 the Saint made a pilgrimage in company with his brother, Father John Baptist, to Monte Gargano, and at the opening of the cavern rendered famous by the apparition of St. Michael, the two holy brothers spent the night in prayer. There John Baptist heard the



mysterious words: "I will visit you with a rod or iron and I will give you the Holy Spirit"—a presage of the future that awaited them, full, as it was, of stern trials mingled with heavenly consolations. During that night of watching and prayer God seemed to them to appoint St. Michael as their guardian. Throughout his life Paul always cherished a great devotion to this Prince of the heavenly hosts, and in his last days the glorious Archangel appeared to him several times. On the occasion of one of these apparitions the Saint, with special earnestness, begged St. Michael to protect the infant Congregation. "I have always watched over it," replied the Archangel, "and I will never cease to watch over it."

\* \* \* \* \*

The Life of St. Paul affords many striking proofs of St. Michael's watchful and potent guardianship of the Congregation of the Passion. This was especially exemplified in the case of the foundation of the first Retreat of the new institute on Mount Argentaro. The work met with much and virulent opposition. And when the worst that calumny could do had failed to impress the authorities, civil and ecclesiastical, physical force was resorted to. The blind and fanatical opponents of the Congregation gathered together one night under cover of the darkness to tear down the rising walls of the half-built monastery, while St. Paul and his companions slept securely in the neighbouring hermitage. But the deep darkness was suddenly illumined and a majestic figure was seen coming in the clouds with a flaming sword in his hand "turning every way," and the would-be evil-doers suddenly took to precipitate flight, rushing in panic terror down the craggy slopes of Mount Argentaro. When St. Paul heard of the heavenly vision he knew full well who his defender was, and raised in that first church of his building an altar dedicated to St. Michael, under whose patronage he had already placed his young Congregation.

\* \* \* \* \*

This devotion of St. Paul of the Cross has passed as a heritage to his sons, and in all the Retreats of the Order the protection of St. Michael the Archangel is invoked daily at evening prayer. Few of the churches of the Passionists are without an altar or statue of St. Michael, and perhaps the object that first strikes and most vividly impresses the visitor to Mount Argus is the colossal statue of the Archangel which rises above the façade of the church.

\* \* \* \* \*

In the perils which surround the Church of God to-day, devotion to St. Michael might, perhaps, take a more prominent place than it does in the lives of the faithful. He is the heavenly guardian of the Church militant, a fact of which we have a frequent reminder in the prayer addressed daily to him at the end of Mass. Devotion to him was a commonplace in the lives of our Catholic forefathers, who felt, as we should feel, that his arm is not shortened since the day when he drove Satan and his rebel hosts from the Courts of God.



By the unexpected death of Cardinal Moran, which has been so widely mourned as that of a great Churchman and a great Irishman, the Congregation of the Passion has lost a great friend. It was he who invited the Passionists to Australia and established them at Sydney twenty-five years ago. Since that time he had taken a paternal interest in their work and their progress in the Australian Commonwealth, and helped them as only he could towards their present flourishing condition there. But his interest was not confined to the Passionists in Australia, and while passing through London on his several visits to Ireland he always made a prolonged stay with the Passionist community at St. Joseph's, Highgate. It was there on a famous occasion in the 'nineties of last century that he first met Cardinal Vaughan after their prolonged misunderstanding arising out of an unfortunate controversy that is well within the public recollection. The account of that controversy given in Mr. Snead Cox's "Life of Cardinal Vaughan" would make less unpleasant reading if some mention of the long and friendly interview, at which the estrangement was happily terminated, had been appended.—*R.I.P.*

\* \* \* \* \*

An unusually absurd parochial notice in *The Tablet* of August 19, dealing with the church services at St. Joseph's, Highgate, speaks of this magazine as though it emanated from Highgate, and, adding insult to injury, refers to it as taking "the place of an ordinary parish magazine, though not exclusively parochial in its nature." This, like several similar notices which preceded it in *The Tablet* and other London Catholic prints, bears internal evidence of having being inspired by some egregious person in Highgate. We have on more than one occasion privately protested against the mention of THE CROSS in the ridiculous parish notices contributed from Highgate to *The Tablet* and other newspapers—but our protests have evidently been unheeded. We, therefore, take the opportunity of saying here, once and for all, that both the claim and the suggestion thrown out in *The Tablet* notice are as ridiculous as they are unfounded. So far as THE CROSS is concerned the part of St. Joseph's Retreat, Highgate, is much like that of the fly upon the carriage wheel in *Æsop*. It would, no doubt, flatter the importance of the authorities of the mission there—and this is probably what the obsequious *Tablet* scribe had in view—if they could think that the success of a magazine which (to quote *The Tablet* notice again) "since its inception last May twelvemonth has attained a circulation of 6,000 copies," was due to them. But it is not. We could very well get on without them; we have, indeed, made our way so far in spite of their discouragement. And so long as we are in existence we shall not tolerate any suggestion that we are being run for the benefit or the glory of Highgate or any other mission, whether under the care of the Passionist Fathers or not. As well—and perhaps with much better reason—might Messrs. Eason or any of the other newsagents with whom we deal claim our magazine as their property.



THE CROSS is published under the auspices of the Passionist Order in these countries; but it claims—and the number of its readers prove that it has justified its claim—to be a magazine of general interest. It is not the property of any shop or parish, however important such an institution may be in the eyes of the persons who for the time being conduct it. Most of its readers are in Ireland, many abroad, many in London, some even in Highgate. But we have yet to learn that any person or place in any other part of the world has put up the ridiculous claim of St. Joseph's, Highgate.

We hope we shall not have to return to this matter; but we think we owe thus much of commentary on this egregious nonsense both to ourselves and to our numerous readers.

## Father Gorham's Sick Call.

### A Story of a Priest and His Duty.

BY P. DOUGAN.

TWENTY minutes from midnight, and, despite the bright glare of the full moon, the high hedges on each side of the road made it quite gloomy and difficult to avoid the deep ruts and holes on its irregular surface. Father Gorham hastened along, almost running. More than once he nearly came to disaster by stepping into an ugly break caused by wheel tracks after the recent heavy rains. He hurried on, not because it was a matter of life and death, as we usually understand such, but because, as a Catholic priest, upon his action depended perhaps the eternal destiny of the soul of a dying man. Ten minutes ago a telephone message came to the chapel-house telling him that Doctor Henson, of Maidstone Manor, was on the point of death, and desired the ministrations of religion.

Maidstone Manor was a large, old-fashioned building standing in its own grounds near the little town of Brechin. A rough, wild country surrounded it, and, indeed, on account of its healthy, bracing situation Dr. Henson had selected it some years before as a residence in which to spend his years of retirement. Not the most practical of Catholics, he still retained the name, and now at the last moment had called for a priest to whom he might unburden his guilty soul. His past was somewhat dark, and those who knew did not care to speak about it. He had been ailing more or less for some time, but now the crisis was reached, and so sudden had it appeared that there was no time to send some of the servants, so that they might accompany Father Gorham back.

Father Gorham had nearly half-a-mile further to go before he would reach the manor. The road was much better further on, and, the hedges being now very low, the moon's brilliant light shone round his tall figure, giving a weird, uncanny look to his movements as he walked rapidly forward. The sound of



rushing water could be heard a short distance away, and round the bend of the road the old Roman bridge which crossed the river could be plainly seen. On nearing the bridge he felt a curious sensation: a feeling as if something or somebody was close to him. He stopped a moment and looked about him, but could see nothing specially alarming. As he entered between the narrow parapets of the bridge a footstep was distinctly audible at his side. Again he stood, and, sure enough, a dark figure passed him, and placed itself directly in his path. It was the figure of a woman clad in a long black cloak with a hood attached, which was well drawn over her head, partially covering the face.

Stretching out her hand, she clutched Father Gorham by the arm, and said somewhat huskily:

"You are going to the death-bed of John Henson, are you not?"

The priest, although not taken wholly by surprise, was just slightly unnerved for a moment.

The woman's grasp tightened as she repeated her question.

"Yes," he replied, "but why do you detain me?"

Her eyes glowed fiercely beneath the heavy hood, whilst she said in tones saturated with hate:

"I came here to prevent you from going to the bedside of a scoundrel, a heartless wretch, who has done me irreparable injury. I want him to die without the comforts of the last Sacraments. My revenge for his evil doings upon me will be satisfied with nothing less than his eternal destruction. He must die—die and be damned forever."

"Woman, you are mad; let me pass this instant, every moment is precious. My sacred duty must be performed at any cost. A soul trembles on the verge of eternity. Let me pass, I command you."

These words were uttered whilst the moon was hidden behind a bank of clouds, and they sounded weird and awful in the intense darkness.

The next moment the bright rays shone on the face of the woman, who had thrown back the hood, and stood facing the agitated priest. Long black hair hung upon her shoulders in a disordered mass; her face, though flushed with passion, looked blenched and greenish. With a high, broad forehead, a nose slightly aquiline, and thin lips over a somewhat receding chin, she gave an impression of gipsy extraction.

"Every moment is precious," she repeated, "yes, precious, immensely more precious for me than for him; after waiting years for revenge I shall not be thwarted now. No, no, the tortures of hell must overtake him, base deceiver and betrayer."

And she laughed: "Ha! Ha! Ha!"

What a horrible feeling seized Father Gorham as he shudderingly heard the last echoes of that maniacal laugh. "This poor creature is surely mad," he muttered, and tried to push past. But no. With a quick movement she drew from beneath her cloak a long, ferocious-looking knife.

"See here! I came prepared. Attempt to walk an inch farther, and this will find rest in your bosom."



The cruel-looking blade seemed to emit darts of blue fire as she circled it ominously before him. Without a word he dashed forward and grasped her wrist, intending to disarm her and force his way.

Father Gorham was a strong man. Not much over forty, he was well preserved and healthy. But the foe he encountered was not so easy to master. With her disengaged hand she seized him by the coat collar, and then began a struggle for possession of that murderous weapon, unique and dreadful. Backwards and forwards they swayed on the narrow bridge, each equally determined. Whatever motive actuated this demented being forced her to savage aggressiveness. On the other hand, the importance and awfulness of the duty that was thus delayed spurred the priest to frenzied exertion. More than once the keen blade grazed the flesh as he endeavoured to force her hand. Small streaks of blood bespattered his face and clothes, whilst the infuriated woman now purposely made vicious stabs. In her eyes the man she struggled with was her greatest enemy. Would she allow him to administer any comfort or chance of salvation to the soul whose crime against her in the past had goaded her on to seek some terrible revenge? Never! It was a battle to the death.

As she made a fearful lunge straight for his left breast, Father Gorham could only save himself by throwing her off with all his strength. The low wall of the bridge just behind her caught her midway, and, falling backwards over the parapet, her body landed in the rushing waters of the river.

Scarcely five minutes had passed since the encounter began. Father Gorham stood bewildered and incredulous: he could hardly comprehend the reality of the situation. Looking over the bridge he strove to see where she had gone to, but nothing but swiftly flowing water met his gaze. Turning at the sound of footsteps he saw two men plainly hurrying towards him. They were servants from Maidstone, who had been despatched to meet the priest and accompany him back.

"We have hurried as fast as possible," said one of them when they came within speaking distance; "the telephone message was quicker, or else someone would have gone to the presbytery with the call."

"That's all right, my good man; how is Doctor Henson?"

"Very low, indeed," replied the man. "Professor Barclay arrived about an hour ago, and thinks the Doctor cannot last more than half-an-hour after midnight."

"Five minutes after twelve," said Father Gorham, looking at his watch.

Five minutes after twelve, and almost another half-mile yet to go.

With a few hurried and almost incoherent directions to the men to do what they could to rescue a woman whom he had seen falling over the bridge a moment ago into the river beneath, he hastened onwards, his brain in a whirl, but all the time keenly conscious that a dying man's salvation probably depended on his using his utmost speed.



After all, he thought, he could do little good there, and the unfortunate creature, who was, no doubt, drowned, had been the real cause of her death by her own mad act. He had only acted in self-defence, and in the interests of the man who had cried for mercy at the last.

A few minutes later he entered the broad red gravelled drive leading to the front door of Maidstone Manor.

The room in which the sick man lay was dimly lighted. Only two thick wax candles stood burning in two silver candlesticks upon a small dressing-table close to the bed. Mrs. Henson, a pious Catholic, and her daughter, a pretty girl of nineteen, knelt at either side of the table with open prayer books reading the litany for a soul departing. At the other side of the bed, which stood in the middle of the room, Professor Barclay sat intently watching the mobile features of the dying man. Dr. Henson was a man about sixty-five years of age. His face, now pinched and drawn, showed traces of debauchery in early life. A look of hopefulness rested upon it, and as he opened and closed his eyes at short intervals a heavy sigh moved his breast. Yet, even although he had lived a rather fast life, a better hearted and more charitable man never lived. Many a kind action remained to his credit: tenants who dwelt upon his estate respected him as the most indulgent of landlords.

Professor Barclay, a clean-shaven, hard-featured individual, rose from his place as he heard hurried footsteps approaching the door. The next moment Father Gorham walked in.

"I hope I am not too late," he said, breathlessly. "I was delayed by a slight accident," as the professor gazed questioningly at his flurried demeanour and blood-streaked face and hands.

Mrs. Henson sprang to her feet, and exclaimed: "Oh! Father Gorham, I thought you would never come. I hope and trust it is not too late to fortify him for eternity."

Silently they all left the room, leaving the priest and the dying penitent together.

Ten minutes afterwards Father Gorham came out.

"All is over," he said to the weeping women who stood in the passage, "I was just in time to administer the last Sacraments."

With a few words of comfort, he took his leave, and was accompanied to the chapel-house by the two men servants whom he had met near the bridge, and who now assured him that they had found no trace of an accident and that he must have been mistaken.

The incident at the bridge troubled Father Gorham considerably, especially since he must now have known that the woman's accusation against Dr. Henson was true. Within that short ten minutes during which his Confession was made the life of wickedness he led and the cruel wrong he had done to the poor creature who was now also in eternity were fully revealed. Anxiously, indeed, did Father Gorham take up the



newspaper each morning eagerly scanning the contents for any reference to the recovery of that body, which he knew had been unwittingly hurled to destruction by his own hand. As he expected, nearly a week later, a short paragraph caught his eye:

"Yesterday morning about seven o'clock the body of a woman was taken from the river about four miles below the old Roman bridge. It now lies for identification at the mortuary. The only indication of identity is an envelope, apparently addressed to the deceased, bearing the surname 'Gorham,' the first name being quite illegible on account of the water having saturated the paper."

Father Gorham stared fixedly at the newspaper and seemed quite unconscious of its presence. Recollections of past events filled his brain; something had suddenly broken in upon him, and, springing from the chair, he cried in tones of anguish: "My God! what have I done! Now I understand; to save the wretch who was guilty of her betrayal I have killed my sister!"

Yes, he remembered it all now. About twenty years previously his elder sister, Eveline, had left his father's house, having been suspected of questionable relations with a medical man. At the time the matter was not talked much about, and Father Gorham had never heard from his sister since. This dark stain on the family history now assumed its due importance in face of such a startling sequel. Eveline Gorham had gone off to America under grave suspicion. Here, then, was an unexpected and painful reminder. Who else could the woman be, or who else was Dr. Henson than the man who had ruined her!

"Oh! what a miserable creature I am," exclaimed Father Gorham, as if he were addressing someone. "To save the soul of this man I hurled the soul of my sister to everlasting perdition. No, she could not have been prepared for a sudden awakening before God to account for the deeds of a lifetime. And yet my duty as a priest obliges me to sacrifice everything dear to me in order to administer the saving sacraments of the Church to the soul of sinners."

Being early in the day he decided to go to the mortuary and claim the body of his unfortunate relative. How could he appear in the presence even of the inanimate body of her whom only a few days before he saw in all the vigour of resolute purpose, with blazing eyes and frenzied movement! True, he never recognised his poor sister in the dark-haired, wild-spoken creature he struggled with on that dark and lonely spot. Time had changed her features no doubt, and were it not for the trifling article discovered upon her clothing the terrible ending of his own flesh and blood relation would for ever have remained unknown to him. Dark and gloomy imaginings passed through his mind as he walked slowly towards the old-fashioned police station in Brechin. Not very often was a body recovered from the river, and the recent discovery of Eveline Gorham caused some little excitement amongst the slow-moving officials. Father Gorham was fairly well known to the



head constable. He looked up with considerable surprise when the glass door of his office swung open to admit the priest.

"Good morning, Father Gorham; it is a good while since we had a visit from you," he said.

Father Gorham returned the salutation in a far-away voice and was palpably agitated.

"I have come," he said, "to look at the body of that woman taken from the river yesterday. As you know the name found upon her is the same as my own and possibly there may be some relationship."

With a great effort he got through these few words, and the constable was quick to observe his agitation and pale features.

"You do not seem well, Father Gorham; your nerves seem to have got the better of you; please take this chair, and I will send for some refreshment. Indeed, you are positively ill."

Opening a side door he ordered a policeman to procure some brandy immediately.

"Pray do not take so much trouble, I shall be all right presently. I am just a little upset by the possibility of finding a solution to certain doubts that have exercised my mind for some time past."

The man soon returned, and Father Gorham was persuaded to drink some brandy. This revived him considerably, and rising he told Mr. Jessop, the head constable, to show him to the mortuary.

They went through the side door and along several stone-paved passages. Afterwards steps were descended which led into a low, dark room, lighted from above by two small skylights. Bare whitewashed walls met the eye, in one of which was a heavy iron door.

"That is the door of the dead house," remarked Jessop, and his voice sounded weird and hollow in the empty chamber. "Just open it, Fraser," nodding to the policeman who accompanied them.

"It is unlocked, sir, because the ladies who came to claim the body are still inside."

"I thought they had gone. However, we will go inside."

Father Gorham could scarcely stand. He held on to P.C. Fraser, and muttered something about not feeling well as he dragged himself forward. Through the open door a long table could be seen, upon which lay something covered with a grey cloth. At the far side of the table two women, dressed in black, stood gazing mournfully at the uncovered face, the sheet having been turned down to expose the countenance of the dead woman.

As the three men entered the elder woman looked up. She was about sixty years of age and had been weeping bitterly. The other, a girl about twenty or thereabouts, appeared to be her daughter or niece. Father Gorham stood bewildered as he beheld these people who evidently had some interest in the dead woman.

Going forward he looked steadily at the old lady and asked: "Who are you, and do you know the deceased?"



The surprise of this unexpected development had acted like a powerful stimulant, and he felt almost composed as he asked the question.

Slowly turning fully round she replied in words of wonderful calmness: "I am her mother and this girl is her daughter."

. . . . .

After all, another coincidence. The full name on the envelope was Edith Gorham, and she was not related to the priest. At the time his sister had gone to America Father Gorham had just been ordained, and, of course, all the particulars were not given to him. His sister had eloped with a young medical man whom her father did not approve of for reasons of his own. Hence when Eveline went off with him they got married before sailing, and at the present moment Doctor Broadburn, the brother-in-law of Father Gorham, was in possession of a splendid practice and a handsome income in the city of Boston.

But it was not long till white hairs came to Father Gorham and deep lines of care and sorrow seared his face, and, all his life through, in waking thought and nightly dream, he was haunted by the remembrance of that ghastly encounter on the old Roman bridge.

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### The Cross.—Vol. 1.

Since our last issue Vol. I. of THE CROSS has appeared handsomely bound in red cloth richly gilt. Copies have been sent to those who ordered it in advance, and all express themselves highly delighted with the beauty of the volume and the interest and variety of its contents. Some copies—a very limited number—are still left, and if any of our readers wish to procure one they should send in their orders *at once* with four shillings to cover cost of the book and postage.



## Just to Please God.

BY ELEANOR R. COX.

Just to please God—why seek afar  
 For motive words of strength and cheer,  
 When here is plenitude of joy  
 And strong defence from doubt and fear?  
 With folded hands we say the words,  
 Who in His sight are children all,  
 Blest in the wish to do His will,  
 Whatever good or ill befall.

Just to please God—for this to love  
 The poorer place, the slighter share,  
 And take, if need be, for our own  
 The burden of another's care:  
 To bear with steadfast, changeless will  
 Alike life's varying joys and pains,  
 Assured that all unto our needs  
 Our Father's tender love ordains.

Our Father—Father! blessed word,  
 And sweet beyond all thought or speech,  
 We say it o'er with yearning eyes  
 And upstretched hands that fain would reach  
 Unto that Glory shining far,  
 Unto that source of all things fair,  
 Unto the Love that gave us Life,  
 And gives us more than mother's care.

Just to please God—sublime, afar,  
 Beyond the utmost reach of thought,  
 In radiant dreams we see Him reign  
 Above the wonders He has wrought:  
 Yet through the spaces infinite  
 That hide from us our Father's face,  
 We feel the sunlight of His smile,  
 The calm of His sustaining grace.

### L'ENVOI.

Dear Smile! Sweet Grace! be still our own,  
 That whether men deride or laud,  
 We still may hold our whole life's course  
*Just to please God.*



## Leaves from the Annals of the Passionists in Great Britain and Ireland.

### V.

**Father Vincent  
Grotti.**

IN June, 1846, our province received an important accession in the person of Father Vincent of St. Joseph (Grotti). He was a native of Viterbo, and had been a secular priest and a canon in the diocese of that name before he was clothed in the habit of the Passionists on the 28th September,



FATHER VINCENT GROTTI, C.P.

1844. He made his profession on the 29th September in the following year, and in less than nine months was sent to England. He was destined to be one of the most successful missionaries who ever came to these countries from Italy. In a very short time he became master of the English language, and was able to preach and give missions and retreats far more successfully than any of the native Fathers. During his sojourn of some seventeen years in Great Britain and Ireland he was almost incessantly occupied in the work of the missions and in giving the spiritual exercises to the clergy and religious communities; and

everywhere he went he gained the esteem and reverence of all with whom he came in contact. He was a man of remarkable powers in many respects, and not least in the marvellous ability he possessed of exercising influence over others. And it is hardly an exaggeration to say that no Passionist of his day was more instrumental in winning attention and respect and popularity among high and low for the Congregation in its new home than was Father Vincent Grotti. The external appearance proclaimed the man: the noble mien, the fine physique, the dark piercing eyes, the engaging smile were fit index to the soul within.



He was not without his faults, which were the more easily discernible as he was the most candid of men. He was a man of extremes, and especially he was extreme in his likes and dislikes. His geese were all swans. He loved the Irish and could see no fault in them: he did not love the English, and his attitude towards England was much like that of Nathanael towards Nazareth. He had a special predilection for work among the Irish, both in their own land and in the sister country: but his prejudices were apt to run away with him, and had he had a free hand, one part, at least, of the province might not be in the flourishing condition in which it now is. Perhaps the greatest joy of his life, as it was his greatest work, was the introduction of the Passionists into Ireland in 1856. He returned to Italy



FATHER IGNATIUS SPENCER.

in 1863, and was shortly afterwards elected Procurator General. For twenty years more he laboured strenuously, and on the 8th September, 1883, was called to his reward.

A man of very similar stamp, so far as zeal and influence were concerned, but of a much more supernatural type was Father Ignatius of St. Paul (Spencer), who began his novitiate at Aston Hall on January 5th, 1847, and was professed as a Passionist on January 6th, 1848. His career was a very remarkable one. Coming of a noble family, whose influence in Church and State bespoke for him a prosperous future, he entered the ranks of the Anglican clergy in 1822 after taking



his degree at Cambridge. For nine years he laboured hard in the Anglican ministry, trying to infuse life and spirit into his work—a heavy task in the then apathetic state of the Church of England. Doubts soon began to assail his mind, the Athanasian Creed being the first source of his scruples. The reading of the works of St. John Chrysostom gradually attracted him to Catholicism, and on the 22nd of January, 1830, he was received into the Church. After about two years' study in Rome, under Dr. Wiseman, he was ordained priest and returned to England. From that day his one thought, his constant prayer was for the conversion of his country. To work for that object became almost a passion with him. He laboured in various capacities as a secular priest, being finally President of St. Mary's College, Oscott. Towards the end of 1846 he resolved to become a Passionist. For seventeen years he worked as a member of our body, giving missions and retreats almost everywhere throughout the Three Kingdoms and traversing not only these countries, but the whole continent of Europe in his efforts to procure spiritual and temporal assistance towards his beloved life-work, the conversion of England. Death came to him suddenly, in the midst of his labours, on October 1st, 1864, at Carstairs in Scotland. He had closed a mission at Coatbridge and was on his way to Leith to open another. His last act, a few moments before his death, was to secure a promise from two little children whom he met to pray for England's return to the Faith.

**New Church  
at Aston.**

The congregations attending our churches at Aston and Stone began to increase very considerably this year (1847), chiefly, it would seem, owing to the immigration of the poor Irish driven from their own country by the dire famine of that year. They thronged every place where labour could be procured. Around Aston and Stone they came in crowds. It began to be a common experience throughout England, that whereas congregations could heretofore have been counted by tens, they were now to be counted by hundreds. Our church at Stone soon became too small to accommodate the increasing numbers, although two Masses were celebrated there every Sunday and every holiday of obligation. Those crowded out at Stone made their way to Aston only to be crowded out there too. There was no option but to begin the building of a new church, the site of which was to be at Aston. Plans and specifications were prepared by Mr. Charles Hansom, of Clifton, and the building, which was for the present to be limited to the nave and north aisle, was to cost the modest sum of £1,250. But modest as the sum was, the Fathers signed the contract with a good deal of trepidation conscious of their empty coffers. The work was begun on the day following the signing of the contract. The ceremony of laying the foundation stone was performed by Dr. Walsh, Vicar Apostolic of the Central District, and the sermon on the occasion was preached by Dr. Wiseman.



The building operations, however, were abruptly brought to a temporary pause by the serious illness of the community. During the summer a malignant fever became prevalent in England, and one by one the Fathers at Aston Hall were laid low by it, the only exception being Father Dominic. Father Ignatius was so ill that his recovery was despaired of, and after receiving the last Sacraments he made his religious profession on what was thought to be his death-bed. It pleased God however to spare him, and, though it seemed at one time as if the whole community was about to be wiped out by death it happily did not suffer the loss of any of its members. The building of the church was considerably delayed owing to sickness and the expenses entailed by it, but God soon raised up generous benefactors (chief among them, Lord Arundel and Surrey) who enabled the Fathers to push forward the work, and also encouraged them to undertake the building of a new wing to the monastery which had grown much too small for the needs of the increasing community.

In spite of sickness and poverty of resources, however, the work of the Institute went on, and in this year no fewer than twenty missions and retreats were given in various parts of the country by the three available missionaries.

The year 1848 saw the first foundation of  
**Foundation in** the Passionists in London. Dr. Wiseman,  
**London: Poplar** who had been translated to the London Dis-  
**House (1848).** trict as Pro-Vicar-Apostolic in the latter part  
of 1847, wishing to have the assistance of  
Religious Orders in London, turned his eyes  
to Father Dominic and the Passionists. The place chosen for  
the foundation was Poplar House, West End, Hampstead. It  
had been left to Drs. Wiseman and Ullathorne by its former  
owner for ecclesiastical purposes and seemed to offer all the  
advantages which a Passionist community might desire. It  
stood in a fair extent of fertile ground, with garden and  
meadow, was well wooded, and, while sufficiently secluded,  
was not too far distant from the metropolis. Father Dominic  
visited the place in Lent of this year, and, as a result of his in-  
spection of it, gratefully accepted the foundation. He was  
called to London again by Dr. Wiseman towards the close of  
May, and was taken to Poplar House by the bishop himself and  
actually put in possession on the Feast of the Ascension, which  
in that year fell on the 1st of June.

Difficulties, however, began to bristle thickly around this foundation. A London barrister, named Bagshawe, to whom a tenant seems to have sub-let the house, was living there with his wife and family on a sort of holiday. Apparently he made no protest at the moment of our taking possession, and apparently none was expected, for he had agreed to leave the house on the arrival of the religious. On the Sunday, two days afterwards, Father Dominic, having arranged a room as a temporary chapel, said Mass in presence of a congregation of ten or twelve persons. Mr. Bagshawe immediately advised Father Dominic that the step he had taken in saying Mass in the house was pre-



mature, that there were many legal difficulties which, though they did not make the title void, yet might cause much embarrassment before full possession could be gained, and so forth. Mr. Bagshawe kept on advising Father Dominic as to what he should do and leave undone, and finally advised him to leave the house altogether till the legal business was settled—a matter of a year or so. In fact, with the most ostentatious friendliness, he raised an infinitude of difficulties, and at length, though he did not succeed in ousting Father Dominic, he succeeded in making some impression on Dr. Wiseman. The latter accordingly offered, in lieu of Poplar House, a house at Hammersmith which had formerly served as a school for young ladies. The very old lady who had been mistress of the school was still living there, and being too old to be removed was to be kept on the premises by the community till her death. Father Dominic consented to inspect the place and was saved the trouble of declining it by being himself very emphatically declined admission by the old lady in question. When he returned to Poplar House he found that the Bagshawe family had made up their minds to go and leave him in peaceful possession.

This was not the only difficulty that called for solution. It was the desire and intention both of Dr. Wiseman and Father Dominic that at Poplar House we should have no parochial responsibilities, but should be free to go wherever Bishops or priests might need our services for missions, &c. The then pastor of Hampstead mission very strongly objected to our proposed immunity from parochial cares, and, in the event, it was decided that we should take charge of all the Catholics “who lived below Finchley Road”—a very indefinite district, stretching out some fifteen miles.

*(To be continued.)*

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## Sons of Martyrs.

BY ROSA VAGNOZZI.

### VI.

**I**T would be most dangerous for either to return for the present to his former abode: they must remain hidden in places not likely to be suspected, and there await the course of events. The place of refuge towards which Clement, followed by Libyus, was now going was an isolated cottage on the right bank of the river, where a boatman, with his family, lived. They were Christians, and a short time before they had given shelter to Lucius.

Clement did not choose this house by chance: he was eager to have news of his friend; and Linus, the eldest son of the boatman, had been the year before gardener at a rich villa near Tusculum, and so he knew the country and the neighbouring woods well.



The young man hoped to accomplish by means of Linus what he could not do personally. The fever still tormented him, and he could not travel till such time as it would leave him. And then there was also the promise given to Lucius: If I am persecuted, I will not needlessly risk my life.

What kind of people are this boatman and his family? thought Libyus. They are Christians, and this fact gives ground for anxiety.

They soon arrived at their destination, and having roused the boatman, one Cassius, Clement told him briefly the story of their arrest and unexpected liberation. He then besought his hospitality and help, especially for the infirm old man who accompanied him. Cassius showed his willingness to afford them the required assistance, and conducted them to two small rooms on the ground floor on the other side of the little garden. These rooms opened on the bank of the river, which was important, as they could thus more easily effect their escape in case a second attempt was made to capture them.

The good boatman then brought out some wine and a large cake made of flour and honey, and he besought them to eat and refresh themselves a little. At the same time he waked Linus up that he might second the desire of Clement, who wished to have news of Lucius as soon as possible.

Then the boatman and his son held a short consultation with their guests on the measures which should be adopted. Clement would have wished to go himself to Mount Albanus, but, sick as he was, how could he attempt the journey?

It was decided that the fugitives should remain in as close concealment as possible. Linus, an active and robust youth, would go to Lucius and return without delay the following night to the cemetery of Domitilla, where the faithful of the community to which the boatman, his sons, and Clement belonged, were to assemble to hear the voice of their pastor, celebrate the divine offices, and discuss what measures they should adopt to defend themselves against the persecution which was aimed at them.

Clement gave Linus precise indications of the situation of Lucius's hiding-place; and he advised him to bring with him a white cloth, which, as soon as he came in sight of it, he should unfold and raise aloft as a flag.

For the speedier performance of his task Linus determined to borrow a mare which belonged to a neighbour. It was, indeed, but a sorry animal, old and lean, but, at all events, with it he could cover the ground in less time than if he went on foot, young and hardy though he was. These arrangements having been made, the two fugitives were left alone to repose. Linus departed with a tablet written by Clement to his friend Lucius, and the boatman returned to his chamber to rest. Deep silence once more prevailed in the cottage on the banks of the Tiber.

A man, however, who, like a dark shadow, had followed the fugitives from the prison, now lay watching a short distance from the house.

Soon after the departure of the boatman's son the agent of Eusebius quietly left his bed, went out into the garden, and



thence proceeded towards the river. There he whistled twice in a shrill sharp tone. A similar whistle came in answer, and a man appeared some distance off. Libyus went to meet him, and spoke to him in a low voice, the other assenting from time to time by an inclination of the head.

The river flowed by with scarcely a murmur; the stars shone clearly in a heaven full of light. All was still save for a nightingale which sang from a neighbouring grove.

The conversation of Libyus and the stranger was brief; and the latter, like a servant who had received his master's orders, bowing his head, withdrew at a rapid pace. The other cautiously re-entered the boatman's house, and all was quiet again.

Eusebius was now triumphant; he held in his hand all the threads of his plan. By means of the pretended Libyus he had exact knowledge of the hiding-place of Lucius, and sooner or later the riches of the young patrician would be his. Besides, he would soon know where it was that the Christians assembled, and so a huge netful of the hated Nazarenes would be captured; and if, as well might be the case, there were among them persons of importance, who could tell what gain might not accrue to him?

Accordingly, it was necessary to act at once. He procured from the prefect a large number of soldiers chosen from among the bravest and strongest, and some skilful archers, and he then arranged a simple plan. He felt that the treasures of Lucius, the last survivor of his family and heir of their wealth, would be his surer prey, and he determined to lead in person the expedition against the young nobleman.

Another band of soldiers, more numerous, would, under the guidance of spies, fall upon the Christians assembled to celebrate their mysteries. They had orders to arrest as large a number as possible, and on no account to let the heads of the community escape. Eusebius appointed Felix, a man of gigantic stature, as leader of this band, and he was to take his information from Libyus.

The respective parts having been thus allotted, Eusebius himself, with his soldiers, proceeded along the Appian way after Linus, who was soon descried and followed at a distance. Two trusty slaves went in advance of Eusebius and his company to keep in sight the boatman's son, who, like a good Christian, rejoicing in performing a work of charity, pressed on as hard as the pace of the hack he rode would permit.

At the same time two other slaves watched the cottage by the Tiber ready to follow the boatman and his friends as soon as they would set out for the catacombs where the Christians were to assemble. They would then communicate the secret to the informers at the proper moment.

The whole plan was laid to perfection, and the development followed as if by magic. There was no suspicion, no hesitation on the part of the persecuted, no obstacle in the way of the persecutors. And Eusebius exulted with a malicious joy as, wrapped in a brown cloak and mounted on horseback, he moved



with his soldiers along the Appian way to surprise Lucius hidden among the ravines of Mount Albanus.

One thing alone annoyed him—the slowness of the journey. He and his escort were obliged to regulate the speed of their fiery steeds by the tortoise pace of the mare which Linus rode. The way was long, and when the sun arose they were far from their journey's end.

He permitted the slaves to track Linus on their own account, while he and his soldiers kept out of view as far as possible. If the boatman's son once caught sight of them his suspicions would be aroused, and the enterprise might fail.

## VII.

We will now return to the boatman's cottage, where everything was going on quietly. Towards evening Cassius went to the apartments at the end of the garden to request his guests to hold themselves in readiness. His younger son, Gellius, had gone to fetch some wood, and after his return they would all partake of some food and then proceed to the assembly of the Christians, where, as they knew, matters of great importance would have to be decided. Clement had already signified his intention of proceeding thither, as the place of meeting was at no great distance off. Libyus, too, who, posing as an invalid, spent most of his time in bed, declared to the boatman that he was ready to follow him. He was desirous of making the acquaintance of other brethren in Christ persecuted by the heathen like himself.

They soon heard the merry whistling of Gellius, who was returning, his shoulders laden with a great bundle of wood, which he had gathered in the woods beside the river-banks.

"Be quick," said his father, addressing him. "You know——"

"I know, I know; here I am quite ready," he replied, as he laid his burthen on the wood-pile.

They ate a hasty meal, and, when it was over, Gellius leaped lightly into the boat, and, having given a rapid glance around to assure himself that all was right, he whistled to his father, who, with the others, proceeded cautiously to the water and rejoined his son.

Gellius pressed the end of an oar against the bank to push the boat off, and then began to row with the stream, keeping strict silence all the time. All, Libyus included, had made the Sign of the Cross on entering the boat.

The river at this part of its course was deserted, and in the grey twilight it seemed like a narrow, almost motionless lake. Its banks gradually became mere dim shadowy outlines, with ever-changing forms and varying hues; masses of clouds in the heavens, purple, rose-coloured, and yellow, cast their reflections on the stream; overhead the kingfishers flitted to and fro. Gellius rowed, and all kept silence.

"Just cast a look at the bank there to the right," said the youth to his father, without ceasing to row. All turned to the



spot pointed out by the oarsman. Two men were plainly visible; they seemed to be in pursuit of the boat.

Their boat had now left the neighbourhood of the city behind: they were in the country. On each side they could dimly descry the villas of the rich and the cottages of the lowly, standing out like faint white spots against the background of herbage and trees.

Meanwhile a stranger entered furtively the boatman's garden. A tablet had been hidden under a large bush, and this he drew forth. In accordance with the orders which he had received from Eusebius, he hastened with it at once to Felix, the gigantic soldier of whom we have spoken before.

The tablet had been written on and hidden by Libyus. It furnished Felix with full information concerning the plan of the cemetery from its entrance, which was concealed with heaps of rubbish, to the oratory where the faithful used to assemble—information which the pagan had from time to time craftily drawn from the unsuspecting Christians.

A few more strokes of the oar, and the boat stopped close to a creek the banks of which were shaded by willows. Gellius was the first to leap ashore, and then, with Clement, helped Libyus to disembark, while his father fastened the boat to a tree. All now moved silently along the winding path through the fields, which led to a small plain. After traversing this, they entered a thick grove, on the other side of which was the cemetery of Domitilla in a locality called the "Unfading Fields."

A deep calm pervaded the scene, herald of the approaching night. The drowsy twittering of the birds, the croaking of the frogs, and some human voices in the distance were the only sounds audible. The air was scented with the sweet odours of the hawthorn. Clement, with the boatman and his son, was absorbed in the thought that they would soon join in the celebration of the Holy Mysteries and receive the Body and Blood of their Lord. How they had longed for this hour! Latterly the Christians had met but seldom in consequence of the vigilance of the heathen and the fierceness of the persecution.

As they went on, earthly thoughts mingled with the heavenly ones which occupied the mind of the boatman, and gave him no little uneasiness. What would become of his dear son, Linus? Would he be able to come to the hiding-place of Lucius? Would no snare be set for him? Would he return safe and sound to the cottage by the Tiber? The young man had been already sent on secret missions by the deaconesses and the bishop to places at a considerable distance from Rome, and Cassius had felt no uneasiness; how then account for his present trepidation?

Libyus, too, was in a meditative mood. At one time he feared for the success of the enterprise; at another he seemed to himself to have become some great personage—a consul, for example; he fancied he saw the gold of Lucius glittering before his eyes, and enjoyed by anticipation his own triumph and the extermination of the Christians. Thus in his short-sighted soul he held converse with the spirits of evil.



Night had fallen, and the party still found themselves in the heart of the wood. Suddenly they saw through the trees a reddish flame, and the rustling of the branches warned them that someone was approaching. They at once halted in a group beside a great tree. They remained still, and looked anxiously towards the light.

A tall, strong youth passed by, holding in his hand a lighted lantern; he was followed by a maiden, who, to judge by a hurried look, was of singular beauty. Her gait was composed and dignified, and her head was partly wrapped in a dark veil. Behind her walked a woman of mature age and two praetorian soldiers.

The little party had hardly passed by when Gellius, resuming his journey with the others, muttered: "The young Artosar, the niece of the Emperor."

"Heaven be praised that she did not see us," exclaimed Libyus.

"What! She would not have done us any harm," answered Gellius. "She, too, is a Christian, and you will see her to-night praying with us."

By the goddess Venus! thought the pagan, what a capture for Eusebius. You would never have found it out, my wise friend, not if you had consulted all the oracles of the gods in the empire. Your friend Orontes, now Libyus, is worth more than a hundred stargazers, a hundred wizards, a hundred oracles! Then, turning to the others, he asked: "Why, then, did we not join the party, if they are Christians?"

"To avoid disturbing them," answered Gellius, "or giving them a fright. They would for the moment have taken us for enemies, as we did them."

Libyus was eager for more information, but he forbore, seeing that his companions preferred to be silent.

The path through the wood became more difficult to trace, and were it not for the brave Gellius, who knew all its turnings, they would have lost their way more than once before emerging into the open country.

"God be praised," he said, at length, "that we shall soon reach the 'Unfading Fields.'"

All at once they heard the ferocious barking of dogs.

"The dogs, the dogs," groaned Libyus in terror, at the same time grasping Clement's arm. "Save me, O Jupiter!" he was on the point of saying, but instead he exclaimed: "Save me, O Christ on high!"

"Do not fear, Libyus," whispered Clement, "we will defend you"; and, after a short consultation with his friends, they took a path which led them away from the place whence the sounds came. The barking still continued, but it grew fainter and fainter as they went on.

Libyus trembled like a frightened child, and stopped his ears with his fingers to shut out the dreaded sounds, meanwhile mentally cursing Eusebius, all the Christians of the empire, and even the riches hidden on Mount Albanus. He valued a whole skin far more than all these.



"It makes no difference to me," said Gellius in a low voice, "whether the dogs in the wood devour me or the beasts in the arena, where we are sure to come sooner or later. Here in silence, without display, without being exposed to the gaze of the people, we should receive the martyrs' crown, because it is for Our Lord Jesus Christ that we are on our way."

And now the rays of moon made it more easy for them to keep to the path, and after a few more turnings they came to the open country. They were afraid of being late, because Gellius, to avoid the dogs, had led them by a roundabout way. Libyus had regained his courage: he asked pardon of the others if he had scandalised them by his display of fear, which argued little confidence in the protection of God. "I am old and weak," he said, "and I have suffered much."

Having come to the "Unfading Fields," they passed, one by one, through the entrance to the catacombs, which was concealed by heaps of rubbish and some large trees, and they then descended a short narrow flight of stairs.

Cassius took a lamp from a niche on the right and lit it. It was of earthenware, and had on it figures of palms.

They proceeded along a winding passage, went down another stairs broader and longer than the first, passed along some short tunnels, some of which were adorned with frescoes representing Christian symbols and figures, and soon found themselves in a large hall, used as a cemetery, as might be seen from the sepulchres in the wall, closed with tiles or slabs of marble, and bearing inscriptions and emblems, chief among which were the anchor and the fish.

"Eternal rest," prayed Cassius, to which the others answered: "Give unto them, O Lord."

The moment he entered the catacomb Libyus was seized with trepidation: evil minded as he was, he feared to be the victim of a plot. And then he had always heard that the Christians were the worst of people, who, in their assemblies held in the bowels of the earth, performed infernal ceremonies and celebrated bloody rites. Would they kill him? If someone should recognize him, disguised though he was, what would be his fate?

Oh! by the god Mercury, he thought, in what a place I have allowed myself be entrapped, and all for gain. He envied his chief, Eusebius, who always chose the safest part of his undertakings for himself. The thought of the presence of the dead added to his terror: he felt so comfortable on earth that he had no desire of the Elysian fields.

A hymn which was heard at a distance restored somewhat his failing courage:

"O God, in Thy mercy forgive our persecutors: show them Thy ways, and make them bless Thy holy name."

"The prayer is begun," said Clement. He quickened his pace, and soon found himself with his companions in a large circular gallery, the gallery of the oratory, from which other tunnels led. He advanced to the altar and took his place beside the bishop, who, believing that he was still in prison, showed



great joy at his unexpected appearance, as did also the others to whom he was known.

The boatman and his son joined a group of youths to the left, while Libyus kept in the background as much as possible. The prayer continued: "Lord, enlighten our understanding that we may meditate on Thy Divine Mysteries: inflame our hearts that we may love Thee with our whole soul."

The altar had been erected on the tomb of a martyr in a kind of alcove, from the vaulted roof of which some lamps hung. On the vault was depicted the Good Shepherd with a lamb at His feet, which He regarded lovingly. On the walls were represented in colours scenes from the Old and New Testaments, such as Daniel in the lion's den, the raising of Lazarus, and the like. There was also a symbolical figure of a woman playing on an instrument with five strings, besides emblems of various kinds, such as fishes and dolphins.

Libyus closely scanned the faces of his neighbours with a view to discovering if there were any among them whom he knew. He started with surprise as he recognized the two brothers, Callistus and Parthenius, who were absorbed in prayer.

By Neptune's anger, he thought, the two trusted centurions of the Emperor!

The psalmody went on: "Lord, in Thee alone we find our true peace, our true repose, even in Thee who art true and just."

The astonishment of Libyus increased: close by him on the right stood a woman of noble aspect in widow's weeds, and beside her were two children whom she seemed to be teaching how to pray.

The noble lady Sabina—she who possesses the richest estates in Tivoli, and the gorgeous villa of the Oleanders: what rich booty to-night. Eusebius would never have imagined that his spy, Orontes, the self-styled Libyus, would make such a discovery, he continued mentally. The voices went on:

"We are in Thy hands: guide us in the paths of light."

But she whom he anxiously searched for had not yet presented herself to his gaze. This was the beautiful Artosar, the niece of the Emperor, whom he had seen shortly before in the wood. She was, however, on the left of the altar in a white tunic, surrounded by some young maidens intent on praising God.

"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless His holy name."

"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits."

A linen cloth was laid on the altar, and the bishop began to celebrate the Holy Sacrifice. All the others were silent: his voice alone was heard.

Meanwhile an old man raised his head, and Libyus was so much surprised that he could hardly keep himself from crying out: "You, too, here."

The old man was Alabardus, a celebrated magician, who had lived in a grotto outside the gate called Capena. Many who wished to know the secrets of the future resorted to him, even the Emperor himself was not above consulting him about the



success of his wars. Libyus knew him well, though he had never set foot in his mysterious kingdom.

He had been sometimes on the point of visiting him, but he could never summon up courage enough to do so; because the votaries of the magician, if they wanted an answer to their questions, were obliged to spend a whole night in his cave, and those who had tried the experiment told dreadful tales of what they had heard and seen.

Ah! he ruminated, now we have the explanation of his disappearance from the grotto, and of the fruitlessness of the edicts issued by the prefect for the purpose of discovering his whereabouts. To think that people imagined that he had been carried off by the gods. The prefect will be astonished beyond measure at seeing him before him. He will say that he has exchanged one profession for another more lucrative still.

The pagan wondered that the rites of the Christians proceeded so quietly. He was not a little perplexed, and feared from time to time some ugly surprise.

At a certain point in the service, the women, their hands entwined in white linen, which they held under their chins, and the men with crossed arms, received the Holy Eucharist under the form of a small circular piece of bread. Then through a small silver tube, which the bishop presented to them one by one, they received the Precious Blood from the chalice. Their external composure showed the devotion of their hearts.

"What are they doing?" muttered Libyus to himself. "These Nazarenes are really ridiculous," and he shrank into a corner, so as to avoid taking part in the rite, which he looked on as a piece of witchcraft.

The Mass was ended, and the Christians sang a psalm of thanksgiving: "Praise the Lord, ye servants of the Lord: praise ye the name of the Lord."

Suddenly a sound was heard as of someone approaching: the chant was immediately suspended, and the assembly thrown into confusion. A negro boy, bearing an instrument which Libyus did not recognize, appeared hastily among the crowd, and whispered something in the ear of the Emperor's niece, which she in turn communicated to the bishop.

The information brought by the little Numidian quickly spread through the assembly, and, at a sign from the bishop, all present quickly took refuge in the various tunnels. The lights were put out, and the gallery was wrapped in darkness. Here and there were heard confused voices: "The heathen are coming"; "Help us, O Lord"; "Let no one leave the catacomb"; "Who has betrayed us?" "Let us save our bishop, let us save Artosar."

Clement, who all at once had recovered his strength, he knew not how; the two soldiers who had accompanied the Emperor's niece, and some other brave young men formed a bodyguard for the bishop.

Clement also thought of his companion in the prison; he would not have left the poor old man at that moment only that his presence was needed by the bishop, and then he hoped that



he was with the boatman and his son. Besides, Libyus had told him in prison that he had been several times in this same catacomb under the guidance of a grave-digger, and that he knew every corner of it. There was, therefore, no need to be anxious about him.

Clement, who knew the catacomb well, took refuge in a hiding-place with the bishop, Artosar, and many other Christians who had followed him. Others, and these the greater number, had fled to places further off.

But who was it that had sent the Numidian boy to the cemetery? It was the tribune, Auspicius, who from the imperial palace was watching over the safety of the young Artosar. He had received warning from Felix's sister, who secretly professed Christianity, and who had discovered the tell-tale tablet.

Libyus was much surprised by the appearance of the little Numidian, and imagined that someone had broken the web which, with Eusebius, he was so skilfully weaving around the Christians. In his disappointment he asked himself: Who is the traitor? Has some Christian discovered the tablet in the garden? And in his terror, wishing neither to follow the others nor to remain alone with the dead, he endeavoured to find an exit; but, being ignorant of the lie of the place, and groping in the darkness, he lost his way in the underground labyrinth. Clement! Cassius! Felix! he cried out repeatedly. Felix was the gigantic leader of the soldiers who alone knew of his transformation from Orontes into the old man Libyus. His cries were in vain—no answer came to his despairing calls.

*(To be continued.)*

## The Birth of Day.

*(After Francis Thompson.)*

The Breath of God—the wind—hath swept away  
 The sombre, sable shades of Night  
 From o'er the vast cathedral of the East;  
 Lo! from its lancet windows, bright  
 Gleams glint o'er hill, and moor, and dale, and lawn,  
 Prostrate, I thank Thee, Mighty Priest,  
 Again Thy wondrous gracious Hand doth light  
 The golden sanctuary lamp of Day  
 With the thin white tapers of the Dawn.

PATRICK BERNARD GREGORY.



**My Crucifix.\***

A little metal Crucifix,  
As plain as it can be,  
But only God in Heaven knows  
How dear it is to me.

I have it always with me  
In every step I take,  
At evening when I slumber,  
At morning when I wake.

In bright and cloudy weather,  
In sunshine and in rain,  
In happiness or in sorrow,  
In pleasure or in pain.

It helps me in my struggles,  
It reproves me when I sin,  
Its look of gentle patience  
Rebukes the strife within.

In days of pain and anguish  
The greatest help I knew  
Was to hold that little Crucifix  
Until I calmer grew.

And looking on that Figure,  
Which hung in patience there,  
I saw the dreadful torture  
Which He in love did bear.

His feet were nailed together,  
His loving arms outspread,  
And blood was dripping slowly  
Down from His thorn-crowned head.

And how could I then murmur,  
Or bitterly complain,  
When love for me induced Him  
To undergo such pain?

So when the time approaches,  
And I, too, shall have to die,  
I hope that little Crucifix  
Will close beside me lie.

That the Holy Name of Jesus  
May be the last I say,  
And, kissing that dear Crucifix,  
My soul may pass away.

\* Lines written by an old Melleray priest now gone to his reward.  
Contributed by a student of Melleray.



# The Welsh Home of the Passionists.

Carmarthen as it is and once was.

BY LAYMAN.

SEEING that the Passionist Fathers, with their principal mission at Carmarthen and outlying stations at Llandrindod ("Trinity Church"), Ammanford and Abermarlais, have now spiritual charge of a very considerable tract of South Wales, and this in a district where the language, traditions and racial peculiarities of the old Cymric Celts hold their ground stubbornly against Anglicising influences, some account of their home among the Cambrian hills may be of interest to many readers of THE CROSS.



PASSIONIST CHURCH, CARMARTHEN.

The short and simple annals of a country town far remote from the great centres of national activity will not, perhaps, make very exciting reading. But Carmarthen has titles to distinction which few of such busy centres possess, as we hope to make clear in the following notes.

**Carmarthen at the Present Day.** Carmarthen, where St. Mary's Passionist Retreat is situated, was in early mediæval times the seat and stronghold of the Princes of South Wales, who afterwards, for greater security, removed to the strong Castle of Dynevor, higher up the Vale of Towy and fifteen miles farther inland. In the "Faerie Queen," Spenser speaks of "Dynevawre" as the place where Merlin



“Wont (they say)  
To make his wonne, low underneath the ground,  
In a deepe delve farre from the vew of day.”

This, as we shall see, does not accord with local tradition.

Carmarthen is no longer the capital of half the Principality, but a quiet country town of barely ten thousand inhabitants. It stands on the right bank of the river Towy, and is surrounded by a fairly prosperous agricultural country, verdant, hilly, tolerably well-timbered, rather too abundantly watered, and for the most part extremely picturesque. Railway communication and other circumstances are such as to make the place a convenient centre for transacting the public business of the three “united” counties of Carmarthen, Pembroke and Cardigan. The prison, the lunatic asylum, the South Wales Training College, the Presbyterian College (for training Nonconformist ministers), the Anglican “High School for Girls,” and various institutions, serving three or more counties, are here. The assizes, the great annual show of farm stock, and the noted hunters’ show for the three “united” counties are held at Carmarthen. The Protestant Bishop of the very extensive diocese of St. David’s has his palace, two miles out, at the village of Abergwili, where there was also, down to the Reformation, a monastic college, founded before the middle of the fourteenth century by Bishop Gower. The same prelate built, close to the Cathedral at St. David’s, an episcopal palace of unrivalled beauty, which looks majestic, even in its ruins. It was practically demolished by Barlow, the first Protestant Bishop of this diocese, who stripped the lead off the roof and sold it, in order to provide dowries for his five daughters, all of whom married bishops. Laud, who, it will be remembered, was Bishop of St. David’s for a time, lived at Abergwili, and a striking portrait of him hangs in one of the rooms of the Palace. Carlyle, when he visited the late Bishop Thirlwall, was given this room to sleep in. It was an unfortunate arrangement, for it may be seen from what he has published on the subject that the sage of Chelsea found any honoured memorial of Laud particularly irritating. The venerable Cathedral, containing St. David’s almost ruined shrine, was itself half in ruins not very long ago, but has been for the most part restored within the last thirty or forty years. It is not here, but stands on a lonely promontory at St. David’s, formerly Menevia, over forty miles from the Bishop’s residence.

Nearly all the townsfolk and a majority of  
**Welsh in Spite** their rural neighbours understand English,  
**of all.** but most of them speak Welsh habitually.

There are few towns, if any, more typically Welsh than Carmarthen in every respect. Herein we have a notable example of “reversion,” for those who knew Carmarthen only from its history would hardly expect to find any of the native stock left there. However, the old race has come to the surface again, and the “ancient British tongue” is used by all except a few score of late immigrants and their children.



The children and grandchildren of Irish people, who came here in the famine time, or later, talk better Welsh than English at present.

Being sixty miles removed from the rapidly-growing city and port of Cardiff, and quite ten miles from the coal and metaliferous region, Carmarthen is what may be called a truly rural town, tolerably free from noise, smoke and rowdyism; for, with the exception of a few flannel (weaving) factories, such manufacturing industries as it could formerly boast of are now, to all intents and purposes, extinct.

**Remnants of  
Ancient  
Privileges.** Yet the now unprogressive Borough of Carmarthen was a borough before England received its Magna Charta. Its first royal charter, which dates from the reign of Henry II., was confirmed and extended by

quite a number of later sovereigns, and James I. constituted the place a county in itself—"the County of the Borough of Carmarthen." It enjoys "separate jurisdiction," having a mayor and town council, recorder, sheriff, borough magistrates, and borough police force, all distinct from the county officials outside. Accordingly, it holds its own courts of quarter and petty sessions, and has its own grand jury and separate calendar at the assizes.

Visitors seldom fail to inspect the barbican and other remains of the strong Norman Castle, which has now been replaced to a large extent by H.M. prison. Except the sites, hardly anything is left of the two great monasteries, the seven pillaged churches, and some other pious foundations which were early given over to destruction in order to facilitate the progress of the "Glorious" Reformation. It may here be remarked that over all "Welsh Wales" the apostles of Reform made a "cleaner sweep" than elsewhere, probably because the people, as is well known, clung passionately to the old Faith, and it was thought good policy to remove every vestige of it from their sight, and, as far as possible, from their memory.

But before dealing with matters of this kind we have to take a glance at the distant past.

**Merlin: Births  
and Deaths.** Carmarthen, anciently spelled "Caermarden," or "Kaermardin," is always spoken of in Welsh as "Caer-fyrddin" (pronounce "Ka-er-vur-theen," sounding "th" as in "thee"). Local people used to believe that this meant the "Caer" (fortified enclosure) of Myrddin, this last word being the ancient British (and modern Welsh) form of the name Merlin. The mediæval romancers, both in this country and on the Continent, were almost unanimous in crediting Carmarthen with being the birth-place of Merlin, the renowned bard, prophet and enchanter. The tales told about Merlin may contain a few grains of truth, but are in the main fabulous. He is said to have been the son of a nun, his father being an evil spirit. Some represent him as having been one of the last great opponents of Christianity. Merlin's Hill, the steep sides of



which are thickly wooded, is one of the most striking objects visible from the higher parts of the town. It is about three miles out, and Merlin's storied cave (they say) is there also. Whether Carmarthen can claim Merlin as one of her sons or not, students of antiquity are now well aware that there is no etymological connection between the name of the town and that of the magician. By the way, a magazine of miscellanies published an extract some years ago from an old geography, printed in the reign of James I., and here the statement occurs that Merlin's alleged "Prophecies" was one of the books which the Council of Trent forbade the faithful to read. If this is not true, it ought to be; for the farrago of nonsense ascribed to Merlin (and composed probably several centuries after his death) is still taken seriously by many who should know better.

Merlin is the only one of Carmarthen's sons who has achieved world-wide celebrity, though many other natives of the old town enjoy considerable repute. General Sir Thomas Picton, who fell at Waterloo, is commemorated by one of the four military monuments which figure in the public streets. He was born some ten miles out; but General Nott, who served with great credit during the Indian Mutiny, was the son of a Carmarthen hotel-keeper. The late Sir Lewis Morris, the poet (author of the "Epic of Hades," "A Vision of Saints," &c.), and Brinley Richards, the musician (composer of "God bless the Prince of Wales") were Carmarthen born and bred. Beau Nash, who first saw the light at Swansea, was educated at Carmarthen Grammar School, and so was Dr. Daniel Davies, who attended the Duchess of Kent when Queen Victoria was born. This institution also trained a few local men who became Protestant Bishops, including Thomas, Bishop of Worcester. This, if we are not greatly mistaken, is the same Bishop Thomas, of Worcester, who, when marrying his fourth wife, gave her a ring, on the inner side of which he had caused to be engraved the pretty sentiment:

"If I survive  
I'll make them five."

It was a theory of the same grave divine that there was no reason why a troublesome wife should not soon cease from troubling if the husband only knew his business. "Let a woman have perfect freedom to go her own way," he said, "and her course will be a short one." Perhaps so; he had great experience, this Bishop Thomas.

If Carmarthen does not furnish a great many notable births, there is some compensation in the list of deaths and burials. Among those who closed their lives at Carmarthen and found tombs there were: Edmund Tudor, Earl of Richmond, the father of King Henry VII.; Queen Elizabeth's gallant friend, the Earl of Essex; Sir Rhys ap Thomas (born, the Passionists may like to know, at Abermarlais), the celebrated Welsh chief who played so large a part in defeating Richard III. and placing Henry VII. on the throne; the well-known dramatist, Sir Richard Steele, of the *Tatler*, a Dublin man, who holds the next place to his friend Addison among British essayists (there



are monuments to Steele in St. Peter's, Carmarthen, and Llangunnor Church near by); Tudor Aled, a "Black Friar," who holds a high rank among the Welsh bardic poets of olden days; and some others.

*(To be continued.)*

## Father Paul Mary O'Neill, C.P.



FATHER PAUL MARY O'NEILL.

THE Passionist Congregation has suffered another sad loss by the death of the Rev. Father Paul Mary, which occurred on August 10th, in Glasgow, where he had been Vice-Rector of our Retreat of St. Mungo's for the past three years. Father Paul had been in failing health for some time, and had grown so seriously ill that a few days before his death his medical adviser considered it necessary to have him removed to St. Elizabeth's Home, with a view to an operation for some internal complaint from which he suffered and which

was the cause of his death. It was discovered at the Home that he was too weak for an operation, and after a few days, strengthened by the last Sacraments and by all the rites of the Church, he yielded up his soul to God at 3.30 in the afternoon of the above-mentioned day.

His death is deeply regretted by all his brethren, and it is equally regretted by the members of the Passionist congregations in London and Glasgow, where he lived and laboured during the greater part of his priestly life.

Father Paul's name in the world was John Joseph O'Neill. He was born in Dublin, of respectable and devout Catholic parents, on the 24th of July, 1862. It was in Dublin also that he received his elementary education, and he made his classical studies at the Carmelite College, Clondalkin. He entered the Passionist Congregation at the age of seventeen, and made his religious profession on the 14th of June, 1880, at St. Saviour's Retreat, Broadway, Worcestershire. After his profession he went through his philosophical studies with his companions at Holy Cross Retreat, Belfast, and his theological course at St. Joseph's Retreat, Highgate, London, where he



was ordained, at the age of twenty-four, by the Right Rev. Dr. Weathers, Bishop of Amycla.

He was a bright and happy student, but even at that early period he suffered from weakness of the eyes which often occasioned great pain, an affliction which troubled him till the end of his life. As a priest, therefore, he was unable to devote himself to much reading or writing, and his chief external occupation was found in pastoral and parochial work. He was always a most exemplary religious, remarkable for his charity, cheerfulness, prudence and zeal. The poor of Highgate experienced the advantages of his patience, kindness, and charity. Day and night he attended to them and their needs, spiritual and temporal, during the years of his residence at Highgate at two different periods. He attended to the sick in the Infirmary as well as in their own homes, he visited the poor and the negligent with untiring zeal and with a charity like to that of his Divine Master. He was "all things to all men." The same duties he performed during his residence of many years in Glasgow. And in addition he discharged for three years the duties of chaplain to the two prisons—that known as the Duke Street Prison in Glasgow, and the other at Barlinnie, outside Glasgow—years during which the work required a great expenditure both of bodily and spiritual energy. The long walk to Barlinnie (they were pre-tramway days) was taken daily with cheerfulness in all weathers that the poor prisoners might have the benefit of his kind care and ministrations to which they were gently led to respond. And by his discreet management he gained the high esteem of all the officials of these institutions as well as of his ecclesiastical superiors. Especially characteristic of the man was the quiet, unassuming way in which he did his work. He spoke little, and probably thought little of it, though in his time he did single-handed an amount of work which in less strenuous days affords sufficient occupation for several priests.

It is with deep sorrow we chronicle the loss of this gentle, unworldly-minded priest at the comparatively early age of fifty, when it was fondly hoped he would be spared to the Congregation to continue his labours for God's honour and glory and the good of souls. There is nothing grand or heroic to record of his life, but we can say that it was a life spent for God alone. He suffered bodily afflictions without complaining, he bore the sufferings of others like a St. Paul, he had the patience of a St. Gregory or a St. Peter Damien, the claustral observance and Passionist spirit of a St. Paul of the Cross, the charity of a St. John Chrysostom or a St. John the Evangelist, and he resembled our Divine Saviour Himself in his ministry to others, thus reclaiming innumerable souls from the paths of error and gaining them to the standard of the Cross.—*R.I.P.*

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## Provincial Chapter of the Passionists.

THE XIXth Provincial Chapter of the Anglo-Hibernian Province of the Passionists assembled at St. Anne's Retreat, Sutton, Lancs., on July 25th, under the presidency of the Superior General of the Order, Father Jeremiah Angelucci,

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| Fr. Herbert<br>Greenan. | Fr. Eugene<br>Nevin.   | Fr. Bernard<br>Mangan. | Fr. Sebastian<br>Slean. | Fr. Felix<br>Hawarden. |
| Fr. Egwin<br>Wilkes.    | Fr. Hubert<br>Carruth. | Fr. Alban<br>Kennedy.  | Fr. Cyprian<br>Meagher. | Fr. Kevin<br>McKeown.  |



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| Fr. Hilary Mara. | Fr. Malachy<br>Gavin. | Fr. Jeremiah<br>Angelucci<br>(General). | Fr. Philip<br>Coghlan. |
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THE PROVINCIAL CHAPTER (1911).

who had come from Rome expressly for the purpose. The Chapter was composed of the General, the Provincial and his Consultors, and the Rectors of the various houses. After the usual preliminary meetings held on July 26th, 27th and 28th, the elections of superiors for the Province took place on July 29th and the following days, with the results given below :



Provincial: Very Rev. Philip Coghlan, C.P. (formerly 1st Provincial Consultor).

1st Provincial Consultor: Very Rev. Cyprian Meagher, C.P. (formerly Rector, St. Mungo's, Glasgow).

2nd Provincial Consultor: Very Rev. Hilary Mara, C.P. (re-elected).

Rector, St. Joseph's, Highgate: Very Rev. Malachy Gavin, C.P. (formerly Provincial).

Rector, St. Saviour's, Broadway: Very Rev. Isidore Whelehan, C.P. (formerly Vicar, Ardoyne).

Rector: St. Anne's, Sutton: Very Rev. Kevin McKeown, C.P. (formerly Rector, Broadway).

Rector, St. Paul's, Mount Argus, Dublin: Very Rev. Sebastian Slean, C.P. (re-elected).

Rector, St. Mungo's, Glasgow: Very Rev. Alban Kennedy, C.P. (formerly Rector, Harborne).

Rector, Holy Cross, Ardoyne, Belfast: Very Rev. Hubert Carruth, C.P. (re-elected).

Rector, St. Mary's, Harborne: Very Rev. Bruno Townsend, C.P. (formerly Vicar, Highgate).

Rector, St. Mary's, Carmarthen: Very Rev. Bernard Mangan, C.P. (re-elected).

Rector, The Graan, Enniskillen: Very Rev. Eugene Nevin, C.P. (re-elected).

Master of Novices: Very Rev. Egwin Wilkes, C.P. (formerly Rector, Sutton).

The following appointments were made:

Pro-Provincial, Australia: Very Rev. Athanasius Ryan, C.P. (re-appointed).

Superior, St. Brigid's, Marrickville, Sydney: Very Rev. Edward Lemaître, C.P. (formerly Vicar, Mt. Argus).

Superior, Presentation Retreat, Goulburn: Very Rev. Reginald Lummer, C.P.

Superior, St. Paul's, Glen Osmond, Adelaide: Very Rev. Francis Clune, C.P. (re-appointed).

During the Chapter a telegram was sent to His Holiness the Pope expressing the filial homage of the Capitular Fathers and asking his blessing. The following telegram was received in reply:

"Holy Father deeply grateful filial homage. Affectionately sends special blessing.

"CARD. MERRY DEL VAL."

After the profession of Faith had been made, and the oath "Contra Modernistas," prescribed by Pius X., had been taken by the newly-elected superiors, the Chapter was brought to a close on Thursday, August 3rd.

We give herewith a portrait group of the Fathers composing the Chapter.



## Provincial Jottings.

**St. Mary's, Harborne.**—This month has witnessed the departure of the late Rector, Fr. Alban, and the instalment of the new Rector, Father Bruno, late of Highgate, London. At the meeting of the Brothers of the Passion, convened especially for the occasion, the new Rector was formally introduced to the members. In a neat speech he expressed himself very pleased with all he had so far seen in Harborne, and after some kind references to the work of the late Rector, concluded by declaring himself blessed in having the co-operation of such a body of men helpers in the parish. We all heartily wish V. Rev. Fr. Bruno a happy and healthful and prosperous stay in Harborne. Ordained twenty-three years ago, and having spent almost the whole of that period in London, he comes among us full of experience and zealous for the good of every soul in the parish. With the good will and good wishes of all, the late Rector left on 11th ult. for St. Mungo's Retreat, Glasgow, to take up the Rectorship there. The new monastery will be a lasting memorial of his initiative and zeal. In three short years he did much good in many directions. His greatest interest was in the men and children of the parish, and it is to his efforts that we owe the existence of the Confraternity of the Passion and the addition of the 9.30 Mass on Sundays for the children. The prayers and kindly wishes of our people will follow him to his new home in the far north.

During the month all the Fathers have been busily engaged. Fr. Vicar gave a Retreat at Bayswater, London. Fr. Raymund gave a Retreat at the Convent of the Little Sisters. Fr. Martin was preaching at West Bromwich, and Fr. Finbar at Oldbury. We are glad to see Fr. Edmund about once more after his late painful illness.

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**Ardoyne, Belfast.**—The new marble statue of St. Joseph is now in its place, and greatly adds to the attractiveness of the Church. The statue, a fine work of art, has been

presented by the same generous lady at whose expense the new altar was recently erected.

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**The Graan, Enniskillen.**—During the past month there have been many visitors at The Graan, principally members of our congregations in various parts of the Three Kingdoms—pilgrims wending their way to the famous Sanctuary of Lough Derg, or health-and-pleasure-seekers *en route* for Bundoran or some other beauty spot on the North Western seaboard. All were loud in their praise of the Lough Erne and surrounding Fermanagh scenery, and many freely averred that parts of Lough Erne outrival in beauty the far-famed Lakes of Killarney.

Three clerical novices, hailing from places so far apart as Edinburgh, Dublin and Belfast, received the habit at the hands of Very Rev. Father Eugene, Rector, on July 23rd.

The Rev. Father Mark, late Master of Novices, has left for Belfast, and is now a member of the Community at Ardoyne. Father Gabriel (Vicar) has returned from a retreat in Belfast.

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**St. Mary's, Carmarthen.**—By the death of Charles Blake, Esq., the Church has lost a devoted member and this Retreat a generous benefactor. Mr. Blake was a large landed proprietor in Ireland, and had taken up his residence at the beautiful watering-place at Tenby some time ago. Being here on a visit with his old friend, Charles W. Morris, Esq., he was taken suddenly ill, on returning from his morning walk, on Saturday, 12th ult. The deceased gentleman suffered much from a long-standing heart trouble, and this, together with the excessive heat and his advanced age, brought about a seizure which terminated fatally.

The last rites of the Church were administered by the Rev. Father George, and the funeral, which was largely attended, took place on August 15th. To his sorrowing wife and the members of his family we tender our deep sympathy.



The Rev. Father Columban has been engaged during the past month in giving Retreats to religious communities.

Llandindrod Wells, the fashionable health resort, has had a more than usually large number of visitors during the summer months, and the beautiful Church has been crowded with Catholics at the Sunday services.

During the first week in August Carmarthen was the scene of great enthusiasm. The Eisteddfod, or national festival of Wales, was held here, and was attended by Welshmen from every country. A notable feature of the celebrations was the presence of the Pittsburgh Welsh Choir (U.S.A.) The festival is held annually at one or other of the large towns in Wales, and its object is to help to preserve the ancient customs, literature and music of "Cambria Sacra." The Church of St. Mary's was an object of attraction, and large numbers visited it daily. At the reception held by the Mayor to welcome the distinguished visitors, the Very Rev. Father Bernard (Rector) and the Rev. Father George (Vicar) attended.

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**Mount Argus, Dublin.**—The community at Mount Argus were honoured with a visit by the Most Rev. Father General after the conclusion of the Provincial Chapter at Sutton. His Paternity, whose time was very limited, as urgent business

demanded his presence in Belgium, arrived on the morning of Friday, August 4th, and stayed till the following evening, when he left for London, *en route* to Belgium and Rome. The short visit which he went out of his way to make was very highly appreciated by the community, and he, on his part, was delighted with his brief glimpse of the "green isle" and with all he saw during his stay at Mount Argus. He promises to make a longer visit next summer.

Many of the Fathers, including Very Rev. Father Sebastian (Rector) and the Revs. Fathers Placid, Berchmans, Boniface, Ephrem, William, James and Gerald, were absent during the month, giving retreats to various religious communities.

The teachers of the Christian Doctrine Society had their annual excursion to Powerscourt on Sunday, August 13th, accompanied by Father Joseph and Brothers Denis and Luke. The weather was magnificent and contributed materially to the success of what the members universally regarded as perhaps the most enjoyable of the annual outings they have yet had in connection with the Society.

The usual open-air procession in honour of Our Blessed Lady took place on the Sunday within the Octave of the Assumption, when an eloquent sermon on the Feast was preached by Rev. Father James.







[*Guido Reni.*

THE CORONATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.